

The Home Office Consultation



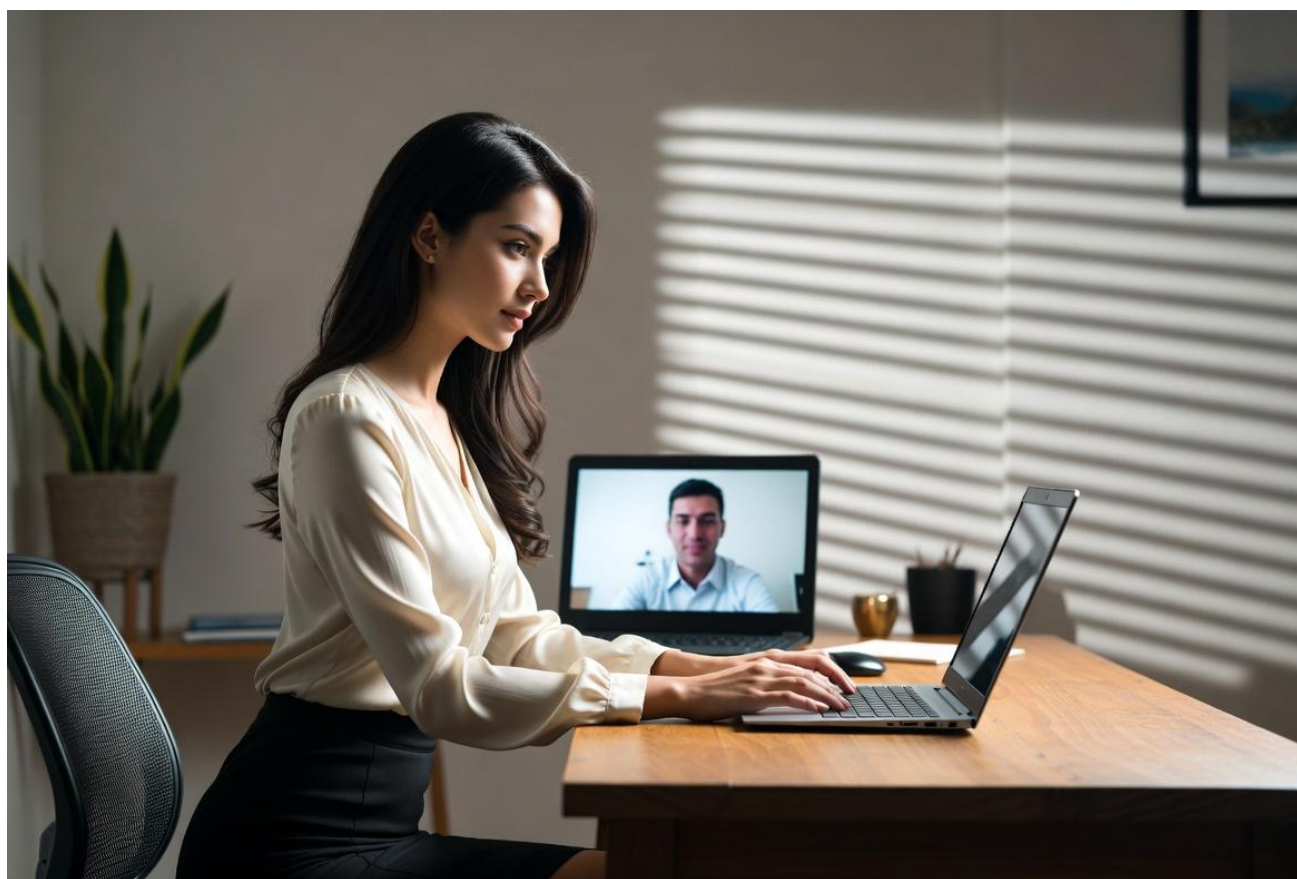
The Home Office Consultation

Elena smoothed the front of her blouse and checked the camera one last time. The home office was quiet, sunlight filtering through the half-closed blinds and painting soft stripes across the desk. She wore a fitted cream blouse, a black pencil skirt that ended just above the knee, and nothing underneath the skirt except a pair of sheer black stockings held up by a thin garter belt. The omission was deliberate.

The consultation was supposed to be professional.

Dr. Marcus Hale appeared on the screen exactly on time. Mid-forties, dark hair threaded with silver at the temples, sharp blue eyes, and the kind of calm presence that made people trust him immediately. He was a relationship consultant who specialized in intimacy and desire—exactly the reason Elena had booked the private session.

“Elena,” he said, voice low and steady. “Thank you for making the time.”



“Thank you for seeing me,” she answered. “I’ve been looking forward to this.”

Marcus smiled slightly. “Tell me what’s been on your mind.”

She did. She told him about the slow fade in her marriage, the polite sex that left her restless, the fantasies she no longer shared with her husband. Marcus listened without interruption, occasionally nodding, his gaze attentive. Every so often his eyes dropped—just for a second—to the open collar of her blouse or the way her legs were crossed.

“Have you spoken to your husband about what you actually want?” he asked.

“I’ve tried. He gets uncomfortable.”

“And what do you want, Elena?”

She held his gaze through the camera. “I want to be wanted. I want someone who looks at me like he’s already imagining how I taste.”

Marcus’s expression didn’t change, but something in his eyes darkened.



“That’s a clear desire,” he said. “Would you be open to an exercise today? Something more direct than talking?”

Elena’s pulse quickened. “What kind of exercise?”

“I want you to stay on camera. I want you to show me how you touch yourself when you’re alone and thinking about being desired. No performance. Just honesty. If at any point you want to stop, we stop.”

She hesitated only a moment. Then she nodded.

Marcus leaned back slightly. “Uncross your legs.”

Elena did. The pencil skirt rode higher.

“Now slide the skirt up. Slowly.”

She hooked her fingers under the hem and eased the fabric up her thighs until it bunched at her hips. The garter straps and the bare skin above her stockings were fully visible. She wasn't wearing panties.

Marcus's voice stayed even. “Beautiful. Rest one foot on the edge of the desk. Open yourself for me.”

Elena's cheeks burned, but she obeyed. Cool air touched her already damp folds. She felt exposed and strangely powerful at the same time.



“Touch yourself the way you do when no one is watching,” he said.

She slid two fingers between her legs and began to stroke. Slow circles around her clit, then lower, gathering wetness and spreading it. The soft, slick sounds were audible through the microphone. Marcus watched without looking away.

“Describe what you're thinking,” he murmured.

“I'm thinking about your mouth,” Elena said, voice unsteady. “I'm thinking about you kneeling under this desk and licking me while I try to stay quiet.”

“Keep going.”

She rubbed faster. Her other hand rose to her blouse and undid the remaining buttons, pulling the fabric open so her breasts, cupped in black lace, were visible. She tugged one cup down and pinched her nipple hard enough to make herself gasp.

Marcus's breathing had deepened. "Two fingers inside yourself. Slow."



Elena pushed two fingers into her pussy and fucked herself with them, curling against the front wall the way she liked. Her thumb stayed on her clit. The wet sound grew louder.

"You're very responsive," Marcus observed. "Do you usually come this easily when someone is watching?"

"No," she admitted. "Only right now."

"Then come for me."

The command landed low in her belly. Elena's hips rolled against her hand. She kept her eyes on his face as the pleasure tightened and broke. She came with a soft, broken moan, her fingers still moving through the pulses, her thighs trembling on either side of the desk.

When the aftershocks faded, she left her fingers resting against herself, glistening.

Marcus was quiet for a few seconds. Then he said, "I'd like to continue this consultation in person, if you're comfortable. I can be at your door in twenty minutes. Your husband is at work until six. We'd have time."

Elena's heart slammed against her ribs. "Yes."

She cleaned up quickly, left the blouse open, and waited.

The doorbell rang nineteen minutes later.

Marcus stepped inside looking exactly as he had on screen—composed, focused, already slightly flushed. He closed the door behind him and locked it.

"Still okay?" he asked.

Elena answered by stepping forward and kissing him.

The kiss was immediately deep. Marcus's hands slid under her open blouse, cupping her breasts, thumbs brushing the nipples still sensitive from earlier. He walked her backward toward the home office without breaking the kiss. When the backs of her thighs hit the desk, he lifted her onto it, pushed the skirt all the way up, and dropped to his knees.

The first long stroke of his tongue made Elena drop her head back with a low cry. Marcus licked her with deliberate thoroughness—broad flat strokes, then pointed flicks against her clit, then a slow push of his tongue inside her. He held her thighs open with firm hands and ate her like he had all afternoon and intended to use every minute.

Elena's fingers tangled in his hair. She came on his tongue within minutes, thighs clamping around his head, a helpless sound spilling out of her.

Marcus stood, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and unbuckled his belt. His cock was thick, heavy, already leaking at the tip. Elena reached for it, stroked him once, then guided him between her legs.

He pushed in slowly, watching her face the entire time. The stretch was perfect. When he was fully seated he stayed still for a moment, letting her feel every inch.

"Look at me," he said.

Elena did.

Marcus began to fuck her with deep, measured thrusts. The desk creaked softly. Each stroke dragged against the spot inside her that made her toes curl in the stockings. He kept one hand on her hip and the other braced beside her on the desk, eyes locked on hers.

"Harder," she whispered.

He gave her harder. The wet sound of his cock moving in and out of her filled the room. Elena's breasts bounced with every thrust. She reached down and rubbed her clit in tight circles, already climbing again.

Marcus hooked her knees over his elbows, opening her wider, and drove deeper. Elena came with a sharp cry, clenching around him in rhythmic pulses. He fucked her through it

without slowing, then pulled out, turned her onto her stomach over the desk, and pushed back inside from behind.

The new angle made her moan loudly. Marcus gripped her hips and set a steady, powerful rhythm. One hand slid around to rub her clit again. Elena's second orgasm built fast and crashed harder, leaving her shaking and dripping around his cock.

Marcus's breathing roughened. He pulled out, stroked himself twice, and came across the small of her back and the tops of her ass in thick, hot stripes. He stayed close afterward, one hand stroking down her spine while both of them caught their breath.

After a few minutes he helped her stand, cleaned her gently with a warm cloth from the bathroom, and buttoned her blouse with surprising tenderness.

They sat on the small couch in the corner of the office, Elena's head against his shoulder, his hand resting possessively on her thigh.

"That was not a standard consultation," she said, still a little breathless.



Marcus's mouth curved. "No. But it was an honest one."

She laughed softly. "Will there be a follow-up session?"

"If you want one." He glanced at the clock. "Your husband will be home in two hours. We have time for a slower second round, if you're interested."

Elena turned her face up and kissed him, slow and deep.

"I'm interested," she said against his mouth. "Very."

Marcus stood, offered his hand, and led her toward the bedroom this time—leaving the home office, the desk, and the open laptop behind them.

They used the remaining time thoroughly.

He laid her out on the bed and spent long minutes simply kissing and touching every sensitive place on her body—breasts, inner thighs, the soft skin behind her knees, the curve of her neck—until she was squirming and begging. When he finally pushed inside her again it was slower, deeper, face-to-face. They moved together without rush, trading soft words and longer kisses. Elena came twice more before Marcus followed, buried deep, his forehead pressed to hers.

Afterward they lay tangled in the sheets, the afternoon light turning gold around them.

"Same time next week?" Marcus asked quietly.

Elena smiled, sated and warm and already looking forward to the next consultation.

"Same time next week," she agreed. "And leave the door unlocked."